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BOSTON UNIVERSITY

GRADUATE SCHOOL

Thesis

SOME WOMEN IN THE "DON QUIXOTE"

Submitted by

Esther Vera Ambrose

(B.S.S., Boston, 1924)

In partial fulfilment of requirements
for the degree of Master of Arts

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Some Women of the Don Quixote

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Maritornes

Let the pen of a Cervantes or of a Shakespeare create a character, and that person is at once assured of a fame more lasting than if he had existed in the flesh. Don Quixote, Sancho, and Dulcinea are far more real in the minds of many than the countless kinds who actually sat upon the throne of Spain. Rosinante would be recognized without a label in any world exposition. Can any one tell the color of Queen Isabella's horse? Unsolicited, Cervantes has showered Maritornes with world-wide publicity. He has gained for her a place in the everyday vocabulary of the Spaniard. ¹ Her place is so secure that she can afford to shed the capital letter at the beginning of her name without danger of losing her personality in a company of thousands of undistinguished words. It is not difficult to picture her rubbing elbows with Lazarillo de Tormes, a hungry wisp of a boy who creeps into the hearts of his readers to warm himself and then refuses to be pushed out into the cold. He, too, has become a part of the language. ¹¹

You might well ask why Cervantes singled Maritornes out for a niche in his hall of fame. She had none of the

¹ Spanish Dictionary, A.Cuyas. Maritornes, (coll.)
homely, ungainly maid of all work.

¹¹ Id. Lazarillo, blind person's guide.

beauty of Helen, of Guinevere, of Beatrice; none of the wit of Portia, the ambition of Lady Macbeth, the tragic appeal of Isolt.

Born in a little village in Asturias, Maritornes first learned of life from the countryside about her. Perhaps the sun kissed her as she played; perhaps the river murmured tales of other days as it flowed past her; perhaps the warm earth intensely alive in the springtime tried hard to communicate some of its love of life to the Asturian wench. Perhaps Maritornes heard and felt it all. Who knows what dreams wove themselves in the hidden recesses of her untutored mind. May we not suppose that she cherished the hope that some day a knight would come riding by on a milk-white charger, would stoop to pick her up and, lifting her with a graceful motion to a place before him, would go dashing madly off toward the east...the beginning of a new day... a new life....perhaps the picture lost itself at this point in a purple haze. Peradventure the little mind was willing to trust the future after that. Surely brilliant knights and stolen maidens lived happily ever after.

The pen is indeed mighty. Tennyson says:

"Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable,
Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat,
High in her chamber up a tower to the east
Guarded the sacred shield of Lancelot..." ¹

¹ Idylls of the King, Tennyson. Lancelot and Elaine: 1-4.

and at once he casts about her an atmosphere that precludes ridicule. Cervantes speaking of Maritornes tells us that she was: "a broad-faced, flat-headed, saddle-nosed dowdy, blind of one eye, and the other almost out. However, the activity of her body supplied all other defects. She was not above three feet high from her heels to her head; and her shoulders, which somewhat loaded her, as having too much flesh upon them, made her look downwards oftener than she could have wished." † The evidence is conclusive. Cervantes capitalized man's thoughtless reaction to deformity. Maritornes became an object of amusement.

Fatherless and motherless at an early age, the girl went to Oviedo and entered the service of a shrewish mistress. Here she suffered the fate of Lazarillo in the house of the priest. Of work there was an abundance, but the meals were scanty and sporadic. The wench's appearance suffered greatly under this regime. When she could stand it no longer, she went to an inn on the outskirts of Leon and became a kind of maid-of-all-work. It fell to her lot to furnish amusement for the transient throng of soldiers, students, muleteers, and whatnot who sought shelter in the inn. Her ungainly figure won for her many a flippant remark. Unknowingly Maritornes must have created for herself a kind

† Don Quixote, Part I, Chapter XVI

of stoic philosophy that served as a shield from a care-less world. Strangely enough, her misfortunes did not embitter her; hers was an uncomplaining, unconscious martyrdom, a non-resisting existence in which she was abused in differing ways by the mistress of the inn and the coarse muleteers.

Perhaps she did not realize it, but the days she spent in the inn were dealing mortal blows to the formless dreams of her childhood. The world was whipping her into conformity.

A soldier returning from the wars in Flanders stopped at the inn. He was tired and ill. Maritornes, moved to compassion, went out of her way to care for him. The starved maternal instinct in her made her grasp the opportunity to care for the wounded soldier. He might well consider himself fortunate to have fallen into such good hands. Life began to take on a new meaning for the girl. For the first time in her life she could imagine herself necessary for the welfare of another human being. The soldier was not ungrateful. Any dog licks the hand that befriends him. Can we blame Maritornes for misconstruing the gratitude of the invalid?

Lancelot, fleeing the tournament of diamonds, sought shelter in the hermit's cave. Sorely wounded, he asked

Lavaine to keep his hiding-place secret. But Elaine found it. Day by day she cared for him, glad that her knight errant needed her. And Lancelot was not ungrateful. He treated her as one treats a child who has faithfully performed an assigned task. He asked her to name her own reward. It was a difficult and rather unmaidenly thing to do, but Elaine finally managed to reveal her thought to Lancelot. Patiently, he told her that he could not love her...not as she was worthy of being loved. He offered her half his kingdom, his services, the love of a brother. Of all this she would have none. So it came to pass that the heart of Elaine was broken. She, too, had misread a soldier's gratitude.

Maritornes was willing to accept a future that promised to be different, a little more hopeful. She went with the wounded soldier. Blame him not. There was no Guinevere in his life, and he needed someone to care for him until he regained his health. Besides, if she wished

"...To be with (him) still, to see (his) face,
To serve (him), and to follow (him) thro' the world..."¹
why, she could accompany him as far as Valladolid anyway! Maritornes was overjoyed. It was a joy destined not to be

¹ Idylls of the King, Tennyson. Lancelot and Elaine, 933-934.
(Pronoun in text, "you".)

realized. Our soldier deserted Maritornes, leaving her two things: the first, a puny, ailing son, and the second, a disease common among soldiers at that time. The son died shortly afterwards, relieving her of one burden. The disease, however, left its mark upon her. A rash broke out upon her arms and legs; her eyelashes and eyebrows came out; one or two front teeth fell out; her eyes failed to focus properly. Maritornes was a sorry sight.

From place to place she wandered, always abused, her ugly appearance provoking unseemly, rude jests. The seamy side of life was her only outlook. One day she came to an inn kept by Juan Palomeque el Zurdo, a rascal. ¹ It is worthy of note that Juan Palomeque liked tales of knight errantry, and had then read aloud whenever an opportunity arose. May we not imagine that Maritornes, broom in hand, listened in open-mouthed wonder to the accounts of the deeds of Amadis de Gaul, of Bernardio del Carpio, of Roland at the battle of Roncesvalles, until the mistress of the inn, with a well-directed blow, sent her flying about her work? All day Maritornes labored about the inn. At night, she needed little persuasion to gratify the whims of the muleteers. Life crowded in upon her, and she accepted her lot with a kind of

¹ Las Mujeres de Cervantes, J.S.Rojas. Footnote, p.105:
 "Juan Palomeque el Zurdo, un pícaro, que ha dado en mesonero, oficio adecuado a la condición de picardía."

Moorish fatalism. The chances are that the Asturian woman had forgotten her childhood. Maybe she chose not to remember it.

"There is no greater pain than
to recall a happy time in wretchedness..." 1

Life had taught her that knights are blind to all except beautiful faces. No knight would ever whisper to her in love's language, never pledge her undying faithfulness... so why cherish futile dreams? But Maritornes was mistaken.

One day, hearing an unusual clatter in the inn-yard, Maritornes, the innkeeper's wife, and the daughter hurried to the door. There they beheld Don Quixote and Sancho, his squire, much the worse for their recent battles with "giants" and "armies", coming toward them with great difficulty. Noticing the condition of the arrivals, Maritornes and the innkeeper's daughter hastened to prepare a straw pile for them in a large room kept for that purpose. "Don Quixote's hard, scanty, beggarly, miserable bed was the first of the four in that wretched apartment; next to that was Sancho's kennel, which consisted of nothing but a bed-mat and a coverlet....Beyond these two beds was that of the carrier....one of the richest muleteers of Arevalo." 11

1 Inferno, Dante. Canto V, 121-123:

".....Nessun maggior dolore,
che ricordarsi del tempo felice
nella miseria..."

11 Don Quixote, Part I, Chapter XVI

After the innkeeper's wife had helped to make Don Quixote as comfortable as possible, "...only Maritornes stayed to rub down Sancho, who wanted her help no less than his master." 1

That night, "...after the carrier had visited his mules,...he laid himself down upon his pannels, in expectation of the most punctual Maritornes's kind visit." "You must know, that the carrier and she had agreed to pass the night together; and she had given him her word that, as soon as all the people of the inn were in bed, she would be sure to come to him, and be at his service. And, it is said of this good-natured thing, that whenever she had passed her word in such cases, she was sure to make it good, though she had made the promise in the midst of a wood, and without any witness at all: for she stood much upon her gentility, though she undervalued herself so far as to serve in an inn; often saying, that nothing but crosses and necessity could have made her stoop to it." 11

In the meantime, Don Quixote's fevered mind created a nocturnal intrigue between him and the innkeeper's daughter, who seemed to him a royal princess in an ancient castle. "While these wild imaginations worked in his brain, the

1 Don Quixote, Part I, Chapter XVI.
11 Idem.

gentle Maritornes..stole into the room, and felt about for her beloved carrier's bed...Don Quixote caught hold of Maritornes by the wrist, as she was..groping her way to her paramour; he pulled her to him, and made her sit down by his bed's side; she not daring to speak a word all the while.... Her smock..seemed to him of the finest holland; and the glass beads about her wrist, precious, oriental pearls; her hair.. soft, flowing threads of bright curling gold...and her breath.. a grateful compound of the most fragrant perfumes of Arabia.. He thought he had no less than a balmy Venus in his arms... clasping her still closer, with a soft and amorous whisper: 'Oh! thou most lovely temptation,' cried he; 'oh! that I now might but pay a warm acknowledgment for the might blessing which your extravagant goodness would lavish on me; yes, most beautiful charmer, I would give an empire to purchase your most desirable embraces...' †

For the first and last time in her life Maritornes was addressed in terms that knights are wont to use in speaking to their ladies. It matters not that Don Quixote mistook her for a princess. Maritornes, however, was too far gone to appreciate the unique incident. For the moment, she was more interested in a noiseless release from the arms of the Knight than in her forgotten childhood dreams. The carrier came to

† Don Quixote, Part I, Chapter XVI

her rescue and there ensued a tremendous battle in which Maritornes took no small part. Don Quixote was stunned. Sancho, the innkeeper, who rushed to the room when the noise of the battle wakened him, the carrier, and Maritornes engaged in a four-cornered battle in the dark. A large share of the blows fell to Maritornes, but be it said that in her turn she bestowed many upon the three men. She slipped back to her room when a guard came into the room, having been aroused by the fracas.

Maritornes was quick to forget the wrongs done her. She held no grudge against Sancho, for when the practical jokers of the inn tossed him in a blanket, she purchased for him, out of her own pocket, a glass of wine to make him forget his troubles. Perhaps her compassion was born of her own sufferings. At any rate, she was more sinned against than sinning. †

Don Quixote came to the inn once more. This time, when night came, he constituted himself sole guardian of all the beauty the castle contained. Maritornes and the innkeeper's daughter prevailed upon him to lift his hand to the window sill just for a moment. Don Quixote should have known

† Vida de Don Quijote y Sancho, M. de Unamuno. p.99:

"Creed que la dadivosa moza asturiana, más buscaba dar placer que no recibirlo, y si se entregaba era, como a no pocas Maritornes les sucede, por no ver penar y consumirse a los hombres."

better. He should have been more faithful to Dulcinea, but manlike, he stilled the nagging voice of conscience and gave his hand up to the importunate damsel. She tied it to the grating and left the poor knight dangling by one arm. Perhaps Maritornes was a perverse wench. After all, why shouldn't she have her joke?

She was faithful to the interests of her master even though he treated her harshly. All in all, she had a queer conglomeration of qualities. It is doubtful whether any one would ever speak to her as Don Quixote had. Life would settle down to a dull round of drudgery, of nightly abuse at the hands of the transient muleteers. Romance dies young; routine keeps on forever.

The Housekeeper

Don Quixote's housekeeper will live forever as master of ceremonies at the burning of the famous library. It is not hard to create a picture of the old maid, who had spent the greatest part of her life in the service of Don Quixote, filled with an almost satanic joy as she flung the offending books into the pile that she was to burn later on. She was a superstitious old woman, unlettered and unloved. She actually believed the library was enchanted and begged the curate to scatter some holy water about the room to remove any possibility of enchantment! Poor woman! She was convinced that she was helping to destroy the cause of her master's insanity. In our own day, we hear rumors from various parts of the country that ministers of the public good have conducted similar burnings, sending many contemporary books to a fiery resting place. The housekeeper did not know what the books contained. She was content to take the word of others that they were harmful. Of course, our ministers of the public good are competent judges and moreover, they do their own reading.

Forty years or more of a barren existence...the housekeeper's interests narrowed down to a consideration of the present. There was no planning for a rosier future in her mind. There might not be a future..at any rate, let it

take care of itself. The daily round of duties that fell to her lot were sufficient to preoccupy her mind. While Don Quixote lived, she gave him a full measure of loyalty, guarded his interests, would even have killed Sancho had she been sure that would have remedied her master's strange illness. As it was, she hated Sancho heartily, firmly believing that his influence was certainly of no great good to her master. Hers was a peculiar kind of loyalty: one that attached itself to an object rather than to an ideal. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that when the object of her loyalty was removed the loyalty ceased to exist.

In his charming way, Rojas points out that he was surprised not to find the housekeeper sadly lost when Don Quixote died.¹ On the contrary, one could not expect her to lose herself in a flood of tears. Life was a prosaic business. The death of Don Quixote brought with it the settlement of a long overdue salary account and a dress into

¹ Las Mujeres de Cervantes, Rojas. p.240:

"Lo confesamos; esperábamos la impasibilidad de la sobrina, las alegrías de Panza, pero no los brindis del ama; y, no obstante, hemos de conceder que estaban puestos en razón.

"Las amas de curas, las amas de solterones: militares retirados, comerciantes ricos, artistas, tienen aparentemente por sus amos un cariño maternal; pero en el fondo no llegan a la fidelidad del perro.

"Este, por lo menos, a la muerte de su amo aulla dolorido y no se alegra porque no hereda! Lo repetimos; no esperábamos los brindis del ama."

the bargain. Don Quixote claimed her loyalty, her affection, such as it was, while he was living. He was dead now. Why wax sentimental. The world would not stop its round because one human being stepped out of line.

To be sure, her attitude does seem a bit incongruous, but then one can always remember her as a high priestess performing a sacred rite of fire...the bonfire... and the housekeeper...poor Don Quixote lying on his bed helpless while his beloved books were burning. That's the picture to remember!

Teresa Panza

Teresa, sometimes called Juana, sometimes Mari-Gutierrez, was the wife of Sancho Panza, shield-bearer for Don Quixote of La Mancha. It often happens that a wife is responsible for the type of man her husband develops into. Sancho was the man he was because Teresa was the woman she was. She was not a clinging vine....luckily for our story, for then our novel would be one-sided, lacking the practical Sancho. Teresa's type is not uncommon in the villages of Spain. She resembled Antonia Quijano in that she was a good housekeeper, thrifty, and a good manager. She differed from Don Quixote's niece in that she had a spirit of tolerance born of her fellowship with the wayward Sancho.

Teresa ordered her house, but she could not order Sancho. He loved his wife, but there crept into his love for her a kind of admiration for her executive ability. She did not need him. She was perfectly capable of running her household without Sancho. Her two children took orders from her. The villagers depended upon her whenever a birth, marriage, or death took place. She was a reliable person, who had acquired numerous accomplishments necessary in the life of a village woman.¹

¹ Las Mujeres de Cervantes, Rojas. p.221f. "Teresa Panza no pierde entierros, funerales, festines, bodas y bautizos del lugar. Teresa Panza faja a todos los

Sancho's departure caused her no privation. There was no scandal to worry about as far as she was concerned. Let Antonia Quijano worry about what the neighbors would say! She, Teresa, had confidence enough in Sancho to believe that the expedition would not be wholly profitless.

Interesting it is to note that her first comment when she saw her husband on his return was, "Where is the donkey?" Notice, her concern was not the health of her husband, but the whereabouts of the beast of burden that would be of use to her on the farm. Do you blame her?

Her faith in Sancho was justified. He brought her money. He knew well how to appease her. Men soon learn the idiosyncrasies of their wives. Didn't Rip Van Winkle always thrust his game bag before him whenever he faced Gretchen after a period of absence? †

The conversation about islands and governments was a little foreign to Teresa, but she was willing to let

recién nacidos, asiste a todas las paridas, plaña a todos los difuntos, viste a todas las novias, consuela a todos los afligidos, despioja a todos los rapaces, da recetas y emplastos para todas las dolencias, come en todos los festines, arregla a todos los novios, presencia todos los acaecimientos, da fe de todo lo pasado, husmea todo lo futuro, sabe todas las nuevas de la aldea.

† Joe Jefferson's version of the story.

time prove that Sancho was right. She had her doubts. They were in part dispelled when she received a note from the Duchess and news that Sancho governed the Island of Barataria. Picture the joy of the woman. She was indeed happy that such luck had befallen her husband. She thought of the prestige it would give her in the neighborhood. To be sure, the neighbors would not believe her; the affair smacked a little of the impossible. Sancho, her Sancho, governor of an island! It seemed rather queer. Didn't the islands belong to His Majesty, the King of Spain...but then, didn't Teresa hold in her hands a letter from a Duchess extolling the merits of Sancho as a governor? And for her skeptical neighbors Teresa could produce convincing evidence in the form of a coral necklace sent her by the Duchess and a costly habit sent her by Sancho himself. It was hard for Teresa to reconcile her future status with her past training. She pictured herself and her daughter riding in a coach for the people of Sancho's island to stare at and admire. She pictured herself hobnobbing with the Duchess. Yet at the same time, she wrote to her husband, saying that she intended to make over the habit into a gown for Sanchica! Her letter to the Duchess revealed her simple nature. She made constant reference to the gift of the Duchess and almost prostrated herself in an effort to thank the Duchess properly for her thoughtfulness. But

the good woman was not to be outdone. She would return in her own poor way a gift that would delight the Duchess. She did. She sent the Duchess half a peck of chestnuts that she picked herself and a white cheese! Fancy the amusement of the Duchess and her courtiers when Teresa's letters to her and to Sancho were read! Sancho's letter revealed the gossipy side of Teresa: a veritable town crier. Surely the village needed no newspaper to spread the news while Teresa lived.

Sancho lost his "island" in a short time, and Teresa planted her feet firmly on the ground again. Foolish for a woman of her age, her ability, and her temperament to be carried away by such nonsense! Sancho was home again. He would never be the same. Something of the quixotic had penetrated his soul. Teresa would never fully comprehend the change, but she would never chide him. Sancho mattered not to her. He was just a husband. She was capable...life held no terrors for her. In another era, in another land, Teresa would have formed clubs, would have addressed meetings, and who knows? she might have led movements to enfranchise women....if she found profit in such activities!

Antonia Quijano

Has it ever occurred to you that Don Quixote has been apparently unfair to his niece? How complete a picture he has given us of the incomparable Dulcinea; how scant a picture of his niece. The explanation may lie in the fact that he knew his niece too well. Perhaps she nagged him. Perhaps he sought to forget her and created Dulcinea as a refuge from the lethargic influence of his niece.

Don Alonso, for so was Don Quixote called before he adopted the ways and habiliments of knight-errantry, loved his young sister. When his niece Antoñica was left fatherless and motherless, he opened the doors of his home to the orphan and tried to lavish upon the child the love he had had for his sister. Antoñica, however, was the kind of girl who repels advances of this kind. Poverty had hardened her outlook on life. She became a stern little materialist. Facts to her were facts. It would not be hard to picture her looking with scorn upon other children who fondly imagined their dirty rag dolls to be beautiful princesses. Fairy stories, mysteries, knights, fair ladies were no part of her life. She could not see beyond the horizon. There was no romance for her in a glorious sunset -- it was simply the end of a day;

so many more chores to be done, another day to prepare for. There are countless Antonicas all over the world. Spain has no monopoly on the solid, prosaic mass of women...good women, yess...the salt of the earth. Their feet are firmly planted in the earth and they never see the stars. No flights of the imagination for them...what profit in such futile pastimes? !

Antonica was a social climber or, shall we say, a social leader? The niece of an hidalgo, she sought to keep her rank. Woe unto the low-class lout who forgot himself in her presence! She would put him in his place with a crude poorly-disguised bit of sarcasm. On the other hand, throw Antonica in with her social betters or her equals and watch the difference in her demeanor. It was all in the day's work. Life held no mysteries for the phlegmatic niece of Don Quixote.

She failed to understand his predilections for books of knight-errantry. One reads Horatio Alger when one is ten years old, but such puerilities when one is fifty! That's another matter. One thing Antonica could comprehend was that the purchase of each new book diminished by just

¹ Of particular interest is Unamuno's satiric denunciation of the Antonias of this world. (Vida de Don Quijote y Sancho, p.203ff.) p.205: "...nuestras sobrinas de Don Quixote no gustan de leer cosa para la que tengan que fruncir la atención y rumiar algo lo leído;..."

so much the estate that one day would come to her. She was a thrifty woman and the needless waste appalled her. She felt some qualms, too, when she had reason to believe that Don Quixote looked with favor upon a certain spinster of Toboso. What would the neighbors think! She, Antoñica could not allow herself to become the topic of town gossip on account of her uncle's idiosyncrasies, but she couldn't help herself. Don Quixote went on his merry way redressing wrongs, succouring fair damsels in distress, and dedicating his deeds to the spinster.

When Don Quixote came home the first time, his niece felt herself greatly disgraced on account of the manner of his homecoming. She helped the Knight to bed and cured his wounds, for he was in a sorry state. In the meantime, the Curate and the Barber planned, together with the housekeeper and Antoñica, to burn the old gentleman's library. Dorotea would have looked upon the scheme with great anticipation. Even Maritornes might have found a fiendish enjoyment in flinging the books into the fire. Antoñica? She took it as part of the day's work. Her comments during the procedure revealed only an annoyance over the fact that it was necessary to take such a step. Such a waste of money!

It could be said in her favor that she followed orders. When Don Quixote sought his beloved library, Antonia, coached by the Curate, told him a beautiful yarn that a wicked spirit had stolen his books, room, and all. She could not comprehend the old man's bewilderment. No softening word did she contribute to mitigate the harshness of his loss. On the contrary, she could not resist pointing out the moral to him, rebuking him for his escapades. She was a veritable female Dick Deadeye. Poor Don Quixote! There was no understanding from this quarter. He left once more for the open road, the forest with its lurking adventures, the sky above him, Dulcinea in his heart....and his niece at home, counting the number of grains of corn the chickens ate every day!

Don Quixote returned home for the last time. Antonia had a premonition that he would roam no more. Her uncle died. She could understand that. All living things died sooner or later. There was no mystery in death. One wept...society demanded tears; one put on mourning...society demanded even that. Antonia was sorry Don Quixote died; but one could not bring him back. One had to keep on going. Antonia did. In time, she married, reared a dozen children, increased her property and her husband's...the salt of the earth! There are so many Antonias and so few Don Quixotes.

The world has need of a few glorious fools who lift themselves above the commonplaces of life. There are too many people who are weighed down by the anchor of a humdrum existence. Too many Antonias!

Clarita

There is something about a first love, a kind of holiness that inspires wonder in a tough, old world. There is a renewal of life, a renascence of ideals we thought we had lost. When we try to picture perfect love, we do not summon images of mature people whose love is tinged with experience, mellowed with time, whose love is not a spontaneous burst of feeling, but a composite bit of mosaic, beautiful, but labored. Rather do we think of young lovers, of Romeo and Juliet, of Clarita and Don Luis. Love came to both couples as a kind of revelation, a springtime of new meanings where there had been a winter of commonplace dullness. It is hard to keep from becoming sentimental when one reads the story of Clarita.

She was scarcely sixteen years old. He was not much older. He fell in love with the beautiful girl who lived across the way. She reminded him of the pictures of Grecian goddesses that he remembered seeing in his schoolbooks. They, the schoolbooks, served some purpose after all; for you must know that Don Luis would rather spend his time gazing upon Clarita than poring through his books. Why read about life when there was life to be lived?

There ensued a beautiful courtship without words. Speech is not important. Unschooled, Clarita understood the language. She herself said, in telling Dorotea about the affair: "...And, though we had always canvas-windows in winter, and lattices in summer, yet I cannot tell by what accident this young gentleman, who then went to school, had a sight of me, and whether it were at church, or at some other place, I cannot justly tell you; but, in short, he fell in love with me, and made me sensible of his passion from his own windows, which were opposite to mine, with so many signs, and such showers of tears, that at once forced me both to believe and to love him, without knowing for reason I did so. Amongst the usual signs that he made me, one was that of joining his hands together, intimating by that his desire to marry me; which, though I heartily wished it, I could not communicate it to any one, being motherless, and having none near me whom I might trust with the management of such an affair; and was therefore constrained to bear it in silence, without permitting him any other favour, more than to let him gaze on me, by lifting up the lattice, or oiled cloth a little, when my father and his were abroad. At which he would be so transported with joy, that you would certainly have thought he had been distracted. At last my father's business called

him away; yet not so soon, but that the young gentleman had notice of it some time before his departure; whence he had it I know not, for it was impossible for me to acquaint him with it. This so sensibly afflicted him, as far as I understand, that he fell sick; so that I could not get a sight of him all the day of our departure, so much as to look a farewell on him." ¹ What an eloquent silent courtship it must have been!

Don Luis was not to be balked by this turn of affairs. He disguised himself as a muleteer and joined the caravan of Perez de Viedma, Clara's father. The wordless courtship was renewed. Picture the turbulence of Clarita's mind, the conflict of emotions. Of course, she was overjoyed to find that Don Luis's love for her was such that he would give up his studies, debase his rank by donning the garb of a muleteer just to follow her. Surely any girl would be greatly flattered. Add to this, however, the fear that her father would discover the identity of the boy and you have an inkling of the state of mind Clarita found herself in.

Their journey brought them to the inn of Juan Palomeque. Here the beauty of Dona Clara pleased the group assembled, particularly Dorotea. At night, because

¹ Don Quixote, Part I, Ch.XXIV

the inn was crowded, all the women slept together. The men kept guard. Poor Clarita, fatigued by the unwonted trend of affairs, fell asleep by the side of Dorotea. The night was calm. Outside, Don Quixote "guarded" the "castle"; the atmosphere was heavy with the spirit of romance that hung about the inn. Almost in keeping with the evening there came a beautiful serenade, so beautiful that Dorotea believed Clarita should not miss it. She shook the girl until she awoke. Together they listened to a song that ended with:

"No slave to lazy ease resign'd,
 E'er triumph'd over noble foes.
 The monarch Fortune most is kind
 To him who bravely dares oppose.
 They say Love sets his blessings high;
 But who would prize an easy joy!
 Then I'll my scornful fair pursue,
 Tho' the coy beauty still denies;
 I grovel now on earth, 'tis true,
 But rais'd by her, the humble slave may rise." ¹

The song died away. Half-frightened, Clarita clung to Dorotea, for she recognized Don Luis's voice. Little by little, Clarita, in her naive way, told Dorotea the story. Dorotea, who had just refound happiness in love, sympathized with the child, as did all the others when they learned of it the next morning.

Don Luis's father, learning of the boy's flight, sent four servants to search for him and to bring him back.

¹ Don Quixote, Part I, Ch.XXIV

They overtook Don Luis the morning after the serenade. Don Luis refused to go back with them. Realizing that he could no longer keep his love secret, he discovered himself to Clara's father and asked for her hand in marriage. The details were taken care of and in two weeks' time Clarita and Don Luis were married. It is pleasant to conjecture what might have been the first words they spoke to each other.

The story seems simple. Perhaps its charm lies in its very simplicity. The love of Clarita for Luis is appealing in its almost childish spontaneity. Luis's gallant, boyish courtship is even more thrilling than prowess in nine diamond tournaments as proof of an undying love. ¹

¹ In the Arthurian legends, Lancelot competed in the annual tournament of diamonds held by King Arthur. Lancelot had won the first eight, and was waiting to win the ninth and last diamond in order to present the whole group to Guinevere as a symbol of his faithfulness to her.

Zoraida

The inn of Juan Palomeque was a kind of lodestone rock. While Sancho, his master, Dorotea, Don Fernando, Lucinda, Cardenio, the Barber, and the Curate were being entertained at the inn, there came to its doors a Spanish captain and with him a Moorish girl whose beauty attracted the attention of everyone. The girl's helplessness added further attraction. The two were made comfortable in the inn and then the Spanish captain was prevailed upon to tell his story.

On the Barbary Coast lived the Moor, Agí Morato, with his motherless daughter, Zoraida. He loved the emerald-eyed girl. (Cervantes bestows green eyes and blonde hair upon his heroines.) The old Moor lavished his wealth upon the girl, and she adorned herself with many jewels. He gave her a captive Christian woman. Agí Morato little dreamed that through this gift he would lose his daughter. The captive came to love the Moorish girl. She was sorry because Zoraida was motherless. One day she told her of the Virgin Mary, of Lela Marién and the Infant Jesus, of the fellowship of Christian worship, and many other things. Eagerly Zoraida listened and begged for more, particularly concerning Lela Marién. Imagine having a heavenly mother to guide her and watch over her! The idea fascinated the child.

There was something so personal in the relationship that Zoraida wanted to bring it to pass. The captive died, but the seed she had planted took flower in the heart of the Moorish maiden. The idea grew and grew until it became a passion with Zoraida. Soon the passion shaped itself into a plan. She would go to the land of the Christians where the Virgin Mary mothered her charges, where Christians were borne to paradise when they died. She cast about to find a way.

Near the house of her father was the courtyard of a dungeon where Christian slaves were kept. Zoraida watched them as they passed to and fro, trying to divine from outward appearances which of all the men there she could trust. Finally she made her decision. Wrapping ten zianyis¹ in a handkerchief, which she tied on the end of a cane, Zoraida went to the window and tried to attract the attention of the prisoners by pushing the cane outside. One or two of the men came toward it, but she did not let it drop until the Spanish captain came near. He was overjoyed. He thanked her in Moorish fashion. Zoraida, perceiving this, made a cross of wood and held it out of the window, giving

¹ A sort of base gold coin used by the Moors, each piece worth about ten reals of Spanish money. (According to the edition of Don Quixote by Charles Jervas.)

him to understand that she was Christian, not Moorish.

A fortnight later, the action was repeated. This time there was more money accompanied by a note written in Arabic. Zoraida put a cross at the top of the paper. The Spaniard managed to have the note translated. Its contents throw great insight into the strength of purpose and shrewdness of insight of the Moorish Zoraida:

".....I..can carry with me a great deal of money, and other riches; consider whether thou canst bring it to pass that we may escape together, and then thou shalt be my husband in thy own country, if thou art willing; but if thou art not, it is all one, Lela Marien will provide me a husband. I wrote this myself: have a care to whom thou givest it to read, do not trust any Moor, because they are all treacherous; and in this I am much perplexed, and could wish there were not a necessity of trusting any one; because if my father should come to know it, he would certainly throw me into a well, and cover me over with stones....." †

In real executive fashion, Zoraida ordered the ways and means of carrying out her desires:

"I cannot tell, sir, how to contrive that we may go together for Spain; neither has Lela Marien told it me, though I have earnestly asked it of her: all I can do is to furnish you out of this window with a great deal of riches: buy your ransom and your friends with that, and let one of you go to Spain, and buy a bark there, and come and fetch the rest. As for me, you shall find me in my father's garden out of town, by the sea-side not far from Babasso gate; where I am to pass all the summer with my father and my maids, from which you may take me without

† Don Quixote, Part I, Ch. XXXIII

fear, in the night-time, and carry me to your bark; but remember you are to be my husband: and, if thou failest in that, I will desire Lela Marien to chastise thee. If thou canst not trust one of thy friends to go for the bark, pay thy own ransom, and go thyself; for I trust thou wilt return sooner than another, since thou art a gentleman and a Christian. Find out my father's garden, and I will take care to watch when the bagnio is empty, and let thee have more money." †

And it came to pass as Zoraida had planned. The Christians chartered a boat. The Spanish captain sought to apprise Zoraida of the progress of their scheme. He went to the garden of her father, shrewdly covered his identity from Agi Morato and conveyed his message to Zoraida. A clever conversation ensued in which the Spaniard told his plans. The old Moor scarcely realized the import of the discourse.

Zoraida's discretion and presence of mind were displayed when her father, who had been called away by a disturbance in another part of the garden, returned and found Zoraida with her arms about the neck of the Spaniard. Instead of drawing them away in confusion, she feigned weakness and fainted and thereby hoodwinked her father. Resourceful girl!

The night came for her departure. All was going well until her father was aroused by a clatter in the courtyard. The plotters hastily bound Agi Morato and took him with them.

† Don Quixote, Part I, Ch. XXIII

Zoraida had a momentary pang or two about the rough treatment accorded her father, but these gave way to a feeling of faith that Lela Marien would take care of him. Hers was a consummate belief in the powers of Christianity!

In the course of events, Agí Morato was put off on an island, Zoraida firmly believing that he would not want. She would offer prayers to Lela Marién to watch over him. All would be for the best.

A wonderful faith was Zoraida's. Imagine giving up home, father, and wealth (for a pirate ship robbed the Christians of their gold and jewels) for an ideal. She was going into a strange country, among strange people, totally ignorant of the language they spoke. She based her whole future with them on one point they held in common: an overwhelming faith in the efficacy of Christianity to overcome all obstacles.

She arrived in Spain and the sight of the Virgin Mary in a church in Málaga brought peace to the heart of the Moorish girl. Surely, surely she had not paid too great a price for a mother. She and the Spanish captain began their journey to his home and chanced to stop at the inn of Juan Palomeque in La Mancha. Here the Christian women were moved to tears when they heard the story of Zoraida. They kissed her and somehow the Moorish maiden was at one in heart with them. This was a universal language.

Zoraida links herself in the mind of the reader with Cervantes himself. The picture of Zoraida's early life, her devious plan of escape, somehow bring to mind the thought of Cervantes imprisoned by the Moors, using his wits to effect an escape. Perhaps Cervantes identified himself with Zoraida.

Lucinda

Cervantes is the true entertainer. It is said of Shakespeare that he included something for everyone in his plays. He realized his audience was a motley crowd composed of men from every walk of life, representing a wide gamut of likes and dislikes. So we find various elements jostling one another in good-humoured, natural fashion in his plays. Shakespeare satisfied his audience. Perhaps Cervantes, too, catered to the multiplicity of tastes found the reading public. In one book alone, Don Quixote, we find six hundred sixty-nine characters, no two alike.

There are always those who delight in reading of two lovers whom Kismet envies and tries to part. Somehow they know that love will triumph. In the sixteenth century this group of people read the story of Lucinda and Cardenio; today it goes to see the cinema with the happy ending.

There lived in Córdoba two children who played with each other in idyllic fashion. They came to like to the same things, think in the same way, and have a strong admiration that later deepened into love for each other. The girl, Lucinda, was a bright, happy blonde child, given to chattering. The boy, Cardenio, was a serious, dark, little chap. Their preference for each other was looked upon with approval by their parents. Financially and socially there was no disparity between the two families. Life was good

to the two youngsters. They left childhood and entered upon the unquiet period of adolescence. It was easier for them than for many other children. They could relate the new beauties of life that were revealed to them to each other. Cardenio tried his hand at writing poetry. Lucinda was thrilled to find herself so berhymed and beloved. Oftentimes, they met at her latticed window. Her parents had deemed it wise to refuse Cardenio admittance to the house now that they were of an age when their relationship might suffer the merciless lashing of gossiping tongues. The meetings at the window were held at night. Secret meetings that fed their youthful desire for romance. Cardenio held her hand and they would spend long silences in which they came to know each other better than they would have had they spent their time in talking. Words sometimes are so futile: they conceal rather than express thought.

Cardenio sought the hand of Lucinda and was encouraged in his suit. Then Kismet, jealous, stepped in. Cardenio was just about to enlist his father's aid in furthering his desires when the latter showed him a letter that changed the trend of the young man's life. The letter offered Cardenio a post as companion to the elder son of Duke Ricardo, a wealthy nobleman of Andalusia. Cardenio's father prevailed upon him to accept the post inasmuch as it led the way to preferment. Cardenio went, but not until he had extracted a

promise from Lucinda's father that he would not go back on his word; and not until he had taken leave of Lucinda. There is always something tragic about parting. The death of an old fellowship creates an atmosphere pregnant with tears; the birth of new promises of faithfulness, new hopes vies with the other until there is a curious commingling of sadness and gladness. The parting between Lucinda and Cardenio served to enhance their love for now a spirit of sacrifice had entered into it.

Cardenio left. Lucinda whiled away the hours of waiting by reading tales of knight-errantry. It was the customary pastime of young girls in that age.¹ José Sánchez Rojas calls attention to the fact that even Santa Teresa whiled away many hours in such diversion.¹¹

Cardenio served the Duke's family well, too well, indeed. Don Fernando, the younger son of Duke Ricards, had

¹ Ticknor. Footnote, p.164: "Juan Sanchez Valdés de la Plata, Prologue, Crónica del Hombre (folio,1595) ...says, that 'young men and girls, and even those of ripe age and estate, do waste their time in reading books which with truth may be called sermon-books of Satan, full of debilitating vanities and blazonries of the knighthoods of the Amadis and Esplandians, with the rest of their crew, from which neither profit nor doctrine can be gathered, but such as makes their thoughts the abode of lies and false fancies, which is a thing the Devil doth much covet.'"

¹¹ Las Mujeres de Cervantes, Rojas. ;.145: "...La misma Teresa de Jesus...ha gustado también en su adolescencia de tales lecturas y narraciones."

fallen in love with Dorotea, the daughter of one of the Duke's vassals. The affair progressed too far for the young Don's comfort. Cardenio suggested a vacation in Cordoba and Don Fernando readily assented. Foolishly, Cardenio so dinned the ears of Don Fernando with praises of the beauty, modesty, and desirability of his sweetheart that he was desirous of meeting her. Cardenio arranged the meeting. So sure was he of Lucinda's faithfulness that he foresaw no risk in his behaviour. He failed to count, however, with the cupidity of Lucinda's parents. Don Fernando schemed to have Cardenio out of the way and then carried on his suit. Lucinda's parents were overjoyed with the good luck that had befallen them in the shape of a noble suitor for the hand of their daughter. They ignored her protests. The marriage was scheduled. Cardenio hastened back from his mission to see if Lucinda would keep her word to him that she would sooner die than be married to any one save Cardenio. He hid himself so that he could watch the proceedings. Instead of coming to her rescue, he saw her begin the ceremony, and then, without waiting for the end, he left hastily, cursing her for her mercenary faithlessness.

Poor Lucinda was torn between conflicting duties: one she owed her parents, and one she owed Cardenio. She was trying hard to be faithful to both.

She fainted at the ceremony. It was then that they

discovered a small dagger she had hidden, expecting to use it if she were forced to go through with the ceremony. Her fainting spell was opportune. Many women have made use of this feminine accomplishment when they wished to avoid making decisions.

The next morning, she slipped away to a convent, and sought to hide herself from a misunderstanding world. Don Fernando, however, was not to be blocked. He was not through with her yet. Thinking herself safe within the convent walls, Lucinda was surprised one day by three masked men who overpowered her and carried her away. On the road she discovered that Don Fernando was the leader of her abduction. She became morose, frightened, ill. Don Fernando was forced to stop at an inn. It chanced that Cardenio and Dorotea were already at the inn. Lucinda, recognizing Cardenio, pleaded with him, told him the whole story and reproached him gently for deserting her. Dorotea followed her suit and spoke to Don Fernando in the same strain.

Of course the tangle was straightened out. The cinema ending held sway. Perhaps if the story were being filmed today, there might be glashes showing Lucinda playing in a sunny garden with a little blonde girl and a serious, dark boy, while Cardenio looked on with a half-meditative frown, wondering whether his wife would ever grow up, and whether parents should be playmates of their children.

Surely neither one of them gave but passing thought to the future wanderings of the famous Knight whose history had called them into existence!

Dorotea

If Cupid had a secretary, this world would be a well-ordered, monotonous place. On starting out for his daily work, Cupid would find his darts systematically arranged, neatly and correctly labeled. Then he could go along disposing of his arrows with his mind free from worry. There would be no chance of making mistakes. The same arrow that wounded the heart of the one-legged tin soldier would find its way into the heart of the fairy in the garden of roses.¹ A gipsy lass would not fall in love with a prince. A queen would not fall in love with a member of the royal guard. There would be system and no heartache: a utopian organization of love. If Cupid had a secretary, if....but then there would be no verve in life, no romance, no zest...if; much virtue in if. Touchstone spoke more wisely than he knew.

Cupid didn't have a secretary, so Dorotea of Osuna, daughter of the great middle class, fell in love with Don Fernando of the small upper class. Dorotea was the kind of daughter parents look forward to, home-loving, amiable, a good housekeeper, skilled in the art of sewing, pretty, and happy. She liked to read stories of knight-errantry. This sounds as though it were a harmless pastime, but there was

¹ From a child's song: "He Was a Little Tin Soldier."

more in it than appeared at first glance. They fed the imagination of the child and assured her of the power of love to overcome all obstacles, so that she fell an easy prey to the overtures of Don Fernando. Her parents were aware of the affair. They set about to guard their child. Unscrupulous servants were discharged. Windows were locked and barred. Dorotea was often told of the great harm that might befall a girl who aspired to one so far above her. They might have spared themselves the effort. The forbidden love at once became even more desirable. The element of risk entered and appealed to the daring of the young girl. Don Fernando, through Dorotea's servant, gained an entrance to the young girl's chamber. You can imagine what happened. Dorotea was not an easy prize. She offered resistance, genuine resistance, but Don Fernando overcame all her obstacles with facile promises. Why he even gave her a ring and swore faithfulness by the Holy Virgin.

After that night, Dorotea offered no resistance; the way was made easy for Don Fernando, but he did not avail himself of the opportunities that were offered him. There was no zest where there was no chase. Dorotea was the gull brought down by the hunter's gun just to prove his prowess. There was no interest in the spoils.¹ Don Fernando left

¹ The allusion here is to the symbolism in Anton Tchekov's play: The Sea Gull. Nina is the victim of Trigorin's hunting prowess.

the neighborhood. Dorotea became frantic. She sent notes by trusted servants, hoping to reach him, but her search was fruitless.

Don Fernando in the meantime had brought down another gull in Córdoba. Dorotea heard of the affair and learned also that her successor was an unwilling party to the marriage. This gave her hope. She donned boys' clothes, and with a servant for protection, she set out to find Don Fernando. She would not sit at home and bemoan her fate. On the contrary, she would do all she could to remedy it.

Her parents learned of her flight and spoiled her plans by sending heralds to proclaim her disappearance and description, and to announce a reward for her return. Dorotea was forced to the woods to hide. Here her servant tried to take advantage of her position, but with a well-directed blow, she succeeded in sending him rolling down the rocky mountain side, much to his discomfort.

Dorotea next fell in with the Curate, the Barber, Cardenio, and Sancho, who were planning a scheme whereby they could induce Don Quixote to return home. Dorotea was easily prevailed upon to cast her lot with them and assist them in their plan. She adopted the role of Princess Micomicona, a wronged princess who had come in search of the reknowned Knight to restore her to her

kingdom. Versed in the language of knight-errantry, Dorotea played a convincing part. She even hoodwinked Sancho, the astute, shrewd, practical-minded peasant, so realistic was her acting. It is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. In the hands of a less skillful author, Dorotea might seem grotesque in her loose wanderings.¹

Don Quixote consented to go with them. Here Cervantes' pen went a-wandering, and we find the story of Dorotea singularly mixed with that of many other heroines of many other novelettes. The party stopped at the inn of Juan Palomeque. In an ingenious manner, Cervantes introduced Don Fernando and Lucinda (his supposed bride) on the scene in an opportune moment for the straightening out of the love tangle that involved four people. Cardenio claimed Lucinda, for she was his by right of prior claim and on account of her personal choice in the matter. Don Fernando finally fell into line, after he came to realize that Dorotea's love for him was so great that she could put aside everything and follow him.

So Dorotea went home, bringing her husband with her, and there was great rejoicing in Osuna. Perhaps many another girl, hearing of the happy ending of this affair placed even greater confidence in the efficacy of love.

¹ Ticknor. p.170. "The worst (parts of the spurious second part of the Quixote) are its indecent stories and the adventures of Barbara, who is a sort of brutal caricature of the graceful Dorothea, and whom the knight mistakes for Queen Zenobia."

Dorotea is perhaps one of the most striking characters in the whole book. Her claim to fame will always lie in her impersonation of the Princess Micomicona, a spontaneous, clever revelation of thespian ability that one would never expect from a girl of her training and early proclivities!

Marcela

Like many another after-dinner orator, Don Quixote, having dined with the goatherds, took it upon himself to make a speech. Be it known that the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure could speak wisely and to the point on occasion. He lauded the golden age of the past that had given way to an unfeeling age of iron. Of particular interest is his poetic flight of imagination when he says: "...Then did the simple and beauteous young shepherdess trip it from dale to dale, and from hill to hill, their tresses sometimes plaited, sometimes loosely flowing, with no more clothing than was necessary modestly to cover what modesty has always required to be concealed: nor were their ornaments like those nowadays in fashion, to which the Tyrian purple and the so-many-ways martyred silk give a value; but composed of green dock-leaves and ivy interwoven; with which, perhaps, they went as splendidly and elegantly decked, as our courtladies do now, with all those rare and foreign inventions which idle curiosity hath taught them..."¹

Don Quixote might have spared his efforts. The goatherds were far more interested in acorns and wine-bags. But Don Quixote was to encounter very soon a kindred spirit, a young girl who sought to bring back the other times--at least as far as she was concerned.

¹ Don Quixote, Part I, Ch. VIII

William the Rich was the most fortunate man in the village where he lived. Surely life had been kind to him. He had great wealth and high standing in the community. More than these, he had a good wife. One day she presented him with a daughter for whom she paid a steep price. Not long afterwards, William, overcome with grief went to seek his wife in that other land. Marcela, the little daughter whose presence cost two lives, was thrust upon her uncle, a priest.

Marcela grew to girlhood in a secluded environment. She had inherited great beauty from her mother. This fact coupled with the psychological reaction of men toward the unattainable caused her to be sought after by every eligible young man for miles around. Her uncle did not impose his wishes on the girl. He allowed her to make her own choice. Please keep in mind that Marcela was only a girl, scarcely fourteen or fifteen years old. To be sure, there were heroines who at her age were in the throes of love affairs--some of them very tragic. Witness the love of Juliet for Romeo. But Marcela was not a Juliet. On the contrary she hankered for other times. The pastoral life presented an alluring career. Why should marriage be the only out for women?

She donned boys' clothing and took up her life on the hillsides, tending a herd. Capricious? Perhaps. Un-

orthodox? Rather. Of course, the disguise was not novel. Rosalind fleeing from the court to the Forest of Arden; Portia pleading the case of Bassanio; Bellario as Philaster's page; and many others before and after them had adopted male attire. Marcela's uncle deplored her conduct, but Marcela decided her life was her own to make of it what she would. She was young, remember. She fled from her suitors, but they found her hiding-place. They flocked about her, but she encouraged nary a one of them: the simple life for her. She could not prevent their manifestations of love. They hung poems about her on the barks of trees. It was the fashion among pastoral swains to behave in this way. Marcela remained adamant. What mattered it to her that so many ardent lines were being penned about her beauty, her desirability: plainly Marcela was an adolescent with her mind concentrated on more spiritual things.

"But think not that because Marcela has given herself up to this free and unconfined way of life, and that with so little, or rather no reserve, she has given any the least colour of suspicion to the prejudice of her modesty and discretion: no rather so great and strict is the watch she keeps over her honour that of all those who serve and solicit her, no one has boasted, or can boast with truth, that she has given him the least hope of obtaining his

desire. For though she does not fly nor shun the company and conversation of the shepherds, but treats them with courtesy, and in a friendly manner, yet upon any one's beginning to discover his intention, though it be as just and holy as that of marriage, she casts him from her as out of a stonebow. And by this sort of behaviour, she does more mischief in this country, than if she carried the plague about with her, for her affability and beauty attract the hearts of those who converse with her, to serve and love her; but her disdain and frank dealing drive them to terms of despair; and so they know not what to say to her, and can only exclaim against her, calling her cruel and ungrateful, with such other titles as plainly denote her character." ¹

So was Marcela praised and condemned by one of the crowd of swains who marred the "trees with writing love-songs in their barks." ¹¹ One can picture Marcela on finding verses addressed to her carved on a tree, making use of Touchstone's, "Truly, the tree yields bad fruit." ¹¹¹ One lover was there in particular who filled the countryside with his signing. Chrysostom, for so he was called, loved

¹ Don Quixote, Part I, Ch. IX

¹¹ As You Like It, Shakespeare. Act III, Scene II

¹¹¹ Id.

the fair Marcela, with a singleness of thought and heart that proved his undoing. He was like Elaine. Both lacked a practical turn of mind. Another discovering that his love was unrequited would pine for awhile, but at the same time would keep his eyes open for other opportunities. It must have been the prevailing mode among disappointed lovers to pine away and die. Strange it is that the dead one, chiefly at fault because he refused to use his common sense, receives the sympathy of everyone. Lancelot was taken to task by Elaine's relatives. Sir Torre, her brother said:

"I never loved him: an I meet with him,
I care not howsoever great he be,
Then will I strike at him and strike him down;
Give me good fortune, I will strike him dead,
For this discomfort he hath done the house." ¹

Guinevere, who should have helped him, accused him silently. King Arthur reproached him, saying:

"Thou couldst have loved this maiden..." ¹¹

It happened that Chrysostom chose to be buried at the foot of the mountain where Marcela had given the last blighting touch to his hopes. All the Shepherds and his comrades in love came to the ceremony. Don Quixote and Sancho and the goatherds came too. Marcela was not invited. Ambrosio, the bosom friend of Chrysostom conducted the ceremony and caused to be read the last poem written by the deceased, in which he blamed the scorn of Marcela for his death. One stanza alone will bear witness to the tenor of the whole:

¹ Idylls of the King, Tennyson. Lancelot and Elaine, 1061-5
¹¹ Idem. 1365.

"Love's deadly cure is fierce disdain,
 Distracting fear a dreadful pain,
 And jealousy a matchless woe,
 Absence is death, yet while it kills,
 I live with all these mortal ills,
 Scorn'd, jealous, loath'd, and absent too.
 No dawn of hope e'er cheer'd my heart,
 No pitying ray e'er sooth'd my smart,
 All, all the sweets of life are gone;.." ¹

Suddenly, unbidden, Marcela appeared. Ambrosio accused her of a hardness that caused her to come to witness this triumph of her cruelty. With a dignity and an erudition surprising in one so young, Marcela made answer: "I come to vindicate myself, and to let the world know how unreasonable those are who blame me for their own sufferings, or for the death of Chrysostom...you say..my beauty influences you to love me, whether you will or no. And in return for the love you bear me, you pretend..and insist that I am bound to love you...I do not comprehend that merely for being loved, the person that is loved for being handsome is obliged to return love for love...Those whom the sight of me has enamoured, my words have undeceived. And if my desires are kept alive by hopes, as I gave none to Chrysostom, nor to any one else, all hope being at an end, sure it may well be said, that his own obstinacy, rather than my cruelty killed him..." ¹¹

With such reasoning and with a logic not commonly attributed to women, Marcela stated her case and then fled.

¹ Don Quixote, Part I, Chapter XI

¹¹ Idem.

In similar circumstances, Lancelot, almost three times the age of Marcela, used the same argument. Sympathy in Camelot ran high for the white Elaine whose body had floated on a barge down the river to the shining towers of the court of King Arthur. Her last letter was read and its story moved all who heard it to tears. Lancelot, the flower of King Arthur's court was called upon to clear himself. With charming simplicity he stated his case:

"My lord liege Arthur, and all ye that hear,
 Know that for this most gentle maiden's death
 Right heavy am I; for good she was and true,
 But loved me with a love beyond all love
 In women, whomsoever I have known.
 Yet to be loved makes not to love again;
 Not at my years, however it hold in youth.
 I swear by truth and knighthood that I gave
 No cause, not willingly, for such a love." ¹

To be loved makes not to love again, Marcela had a good argument. Chrysostom was too impatient. He should have waited until Marcela was ready for love. Not long afterwards, Marcela fell in love with and married one of the villagers. She became the mother of many children and created a pleasant home for her uncle, her husband, and her children.

¹ Idylls of the King, Tennyson. Lancelot and Elaine, 1281-9

Camilla

The woman of the Golden Age was certainly a very fortunate person in comparison with her sister of today. Our modern pseudo-equality of the sexes has served to alter to some degree the attitude of men toward women. It is a question whether the change in her status is superficial or whether it penetrates to the core of woman's nature. It is a question, too, whether the change has been worth the struggle, whether the veneer of emancipation has enhanced the position of woman from the universal point of view or not.¹ Perhaps we have merely pulled the pendulum too far as a kind of reaction to the idiosyncratic attitude held by men when "knighthood was in flower." Reverence for the chastity of women can be exaggerated to the point of the ridiculous. Too often it resolves itself into a mere matter of public virtue. Our protagonist, the Curious Impertinent, unfortunately was an extremist -- it was a case of everything or nothing.

¹ Century, April, 1928. Women of the Leisured Classes, Lady Rhondda. p.68lff.

There comes to mind a Spanish fable.¹ John had a beautiful diamond. Perhaps it was the envy of his friends. He loved to watch the scintillating surfaces of the stone. One day the idea occurred to him that he might ascertain its value by separating the jewel into its parts. Johnny was not to be blamed. Many a man has analyzed the object of his happiness in an attempt to find the source of its meaning. Few people advance beyond the analytical into the synoptic stage in their pursuit of the significance of life. No, Johnny was not to be blamed. Like our modern scientist, he went to his laboratory, studied chemistry, and analyzed his diamond. With the analysis came disillusionment. Johnny knew the facts now....the diamond was only a piece of coal.

Anselmo was a little Johnny who had put away the childish things -- except one: a fatal, uncurbed curiosity. Anselmo had a jewel. He valued it highly, boasted of his possession and at times was humble in the realization of his unworthiness of such a gift. His wife was his pride: Camilla--the sound of her name brings to

¹ "Juan tenia un diamante de valía,
y por querer saber lo que tenía
la química estudió, y ebrio, anhelante,
analizó el diamante.

"Más ¡oh! ¡que horror!...Aquella joya bella
lágrima al parecer de alguna estrella,
halló con rabia y con profundo encono
que era solo un poquito de carbono...

"Si quieres ser feliz, como me dices,
no analices, muchacho, no analices!"

--Joaquín María Bartrina

mind the chaste camellia. He was still young, however, and treated it as a little girl treats a flower; he reveled in its loveliness, but he took it apart petal by petal, hoping to ascertain its secret and succeeding merely in destroying ruthlessly the very thing he sought to preserve. The little girl with her flower, Johnny and his diamond, Anselmo and his wife's virtue: all three had much in common.

Lothario and Anselmo, two young Tuscans,¹ had established a strong friendship, so rare and so beautiful that it at once attracted the attention of the community. They were wont to be called the Two Friends. One day the usual occurred. A third person broke the duet. She married Anselmo. Lothario discreetly faded out of the picture. For a while Anselmo, wrapped in the distractions of the new life was not aware of the change in the friendship. He was too busy shielding his wife from the world. This state of affairs could not continue long. Finally Anselmo remonstrated with his friend, begged him to go on with the same freedom that had characterized their friendship before Camilla had entered their lives. Lothario consented, but he contrived to keep clear of the newly-weds. There came a

¹ They lived in Florence, Italy.

day, however, when he could no longer keep free from entanglements. Anselmo unwittingly spread a net that was to catch all three in a needlessly cruel situation.

A doubt assailed him. How could he be sure of her virtue. Very learnedly he discussed the matter with Lothario, saying, "...I cannot be thoroughly informed of this truth, but by trying her in such a manner, that the proof may manifest the perfection of her goodness, as fire does that of gold. For it is my opinion, my friend, that a woman is honest only so far as she is, or is not, courted and solicited: and that she alone is really chaste who has not yielded to the force of promises, presents, and tears, or the continual solicitations of importunate lovers. For what thanks to a woman for being virtuous, when nobody persuades her to be otherwise?"¹ And so Anselmo went into the laboratory to analyze his jewel, heedless of the warning of his friend.¹¹ Like Johnny, he discovered that his jewel resolved itself into a commonplace substance. There was no one to tell Anselmo that woman's place surely is not in a laboratory!

¹ Don Quixote, Part I, Chapter XXVII.

¹¹ Cf. El Pensamiento de Cervantes, Américo Castro. p.125:
 "Anselmo quiere probar la virtud de Camila, como si la virtud fuese un metal."

How about Camilla? Oh, she was virtuous enough; she loved Anselmo, she had a sense of humor, a sense of the dramatic, but after all she was a woman, susceptible, yes, and human. She was not cold, insensate. It would not be hard to picture Helen of Troy, Guinevere, and Camilla comparing notes in the Elysian Fields -- or must we be Dantesque and condemn them to the second circle of hell? -- discussing the shortcomings of men in general and husbands in particular. Lothario was Anselmo's best friend. Camilla would accept him as such. Lothario kept coming to the house frequently. Anselmo would absent himself without fail, enjoining Lothario to entertain Camilla while he was away. Our modern woman would resent "being taken care of by a mere male." So did Camilla, but her protests availed her nothing. Anselmo was conducting the experiment. Lothario and Camilla must fall into place. They did. She was a beautiful young girl, full of life; he was a bachelor with more than the usual share of masculine graces. Camilla did not capitulate easily, but when she did there was no going back.

The "forbidden" love took on all the desirable aspects that are associated with forbidden things. She

wanted to keep it. Her main thought now was to keep her amour secret from her husband. Shrewd, clever, a skillful manipulator of the strings attached to the puppets of her stage, she failed to take into consideration a personal element -- in this case, the jealousy of Lothario. Early one morning, the latter discovered a man leaving Anselmo's house. Man-like, he jumped to conclusions, acted upon them and then regretted his hastiness. He hurried to Anselmo and told him the true state of affairs. Picture Anselmo's rage. How unethical his wife was! How deceitful! He, Anselmo, would investigate for himself. He would eavesdrop. The "pundonor" demanded that much at least. Somenow, eavesdropping assumes a righteous tone. Old Polonius, who could give a sound code of life to Laertes, thought nothing of hiding behind an arras. Anselmo, too, eavesdropped without damaging his honor.

Cleverly, Camilla, hearing from Lothario himself of the damage he had done, set about to stage a beautiful scene whereby she restored her husband's "faith" in her and facilitated future meetings with her lover. For a time life went smoothly on, until one day, Camilla's maid-servant indiscreetly aroused the suspicions of Anselmo. Fearing

discover, Camilla fled and Lothario went with her. She took refuge in a convent -- that haven for so many women in the days of chivalry. Anselmo learned of the flight, regretted his behavior and his "impertinent curiosity" and soon died of grief. Camilla refused to take the veil until one day she heard that Lothario had been killed in battle. She spent the rest of her days after that in a kind of semi-tranquillity. She died, the victim of an inhuman, unreasoning experiment, the prey of a pseudo-science.

Old Father Time looking at the fates of these three, finishes recording them in his annals, and half-whimsically, half sorrowfully, he adds the moral of the fable:

"Si quieres ser feliz como me dices,
no analices, muchacho, no analices!"¹

¹ If you wish to be happy, as you tell me,
Don't analyze, my boy, don't analyze.

The Duchess

Of the sixty-two women in the Don Quixote¹¹ the least pleasing is the Duchess. She seems to lack the true quixotic spirit that characterizes all the others who cross the path of the famous Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.¹ Hers is a light, frivolous spirit, unfeeling, selfish. Sancho and the good Knight are simply clowns for her to command. She and her somewhat coarse husband see in the two good objects for practical jokes. Coming fresh from the incident of the enchanted boat, Don Quixote and Sancho were easy prey to the wiles of the Duchess. Of course, Sancho realized his desire to govern an island. He did it wisely enough, showing himself to be a true economist and an extremely practical man. The Duchess, however, took him as a joke. Her

¹¹-The figures are taken from Cejador y Frauca, p.217,V.III.

¹ Cervantes, Schnevill.p.279: "The sojourn (at the Duke's house) makes mere mechanical instruments of the Duke and the Duchess through whose orders or connivance burlesques, pretended duels, amorous advances by love-sick damsels, disguises and masquerades become possible. Thus in the midst of a marvelously contrived extravaganza, the characters of the host and hostess have no prominent qualities or striking individual virtues; and the reader is allowed to infer that this noble pair is too much given to deceiving Don Quixote and laughing at his discomfitures to appreciate his great spiritual worth."

jaded appetite reveled in the opportunity to put our good old Sancho in an awkward light. He fooled her. Sancho has gone down in history as a shrewd administrator; the Duchess is remembered as a futile practical joker, a kind of parasitical non-productive member of society.

We find in her a Cervantesque touch when we learn that her eyes are green. They flash with keen expectation of a new piece of folly on the part of the two wanderers. The reader does not sympathize with her feeling, however, for she laughs at and not with our heroes. Somehow, her attitude becomes irksome. Her spirit of levity and her love of the bizarre are reflected in her ladies-in-waiting. The latter try to gain her favor by imitating her and by helping her carry out her designs. Altisidora is at least ingenuous, but Doña Rodríguez is annoyingly tiresome.

Don Quixote took the Duchess seriously. In gentlemanly fashion he thanked her for speaking highly of Dulcinea, little realizing that beneath her words lay a spirit of mockery.

Of course, the Duchess may have had a more serious, more lovable side to her nature, but Cervantes fails to

paint it.¹ He leaves us with a picture of an effete court presided over by two allied spirits, pleasure-bent. There is a feeling that Cervantes makes the knights suffer at the hands of the Duchess in order to secure Sancho's island for him and to give the reader an obligatory scene. At any rate Don Quixote and the Duchess are certainly not at their best while Sancho holds the center of the stage!

¹ Virgin Spain, Waldo Frank. p.215: "Perhaps the ugliest episode in the book treats of the knight's entertainment in the castle of the Duke and Duchess. They are the worldly-wise, the worldly-cultured...They take Don Quixote in; and make him a show for their own genteel delectation... They feed him, flatter him, serve him; everything but believe him. Their minds hold him safe from their hearts."

Dulcinea

When Gareth's mother released him from his vow to serve twelvemonth and a day in King Arthur's kitchen, the boy discovered himself to the King. Boyishly, he begged the King to make him his knight. And King Arthur said to him:

"Make thee my knight? My knights are sworn to vows
Of utter hardihood, utter gentleness,
And, loving, utter faithfulness in love,
And uttermost obedience to the King." ¹

Gareth believed he could meet the requirements:

"My King, for hardihood, I can promise thee.
For uttermost obedience make demand
Of whom ye gave me to, the Seneschal,
No mellow master of the meats and drinks!
And as for love, God wot, I love not yet,
But love I shall, God willing." ¹¹

He did.

Alonso Quijano had not read his tales of chivalry without learning the requirements for entrance into the order of knight-errants. He cast about in his mind for a lady who would be worthy of the fame he would bring to her. When he was about forty years old, Alonso Quijano saw Aldonza Lorenzo of Toboso for the first time. She was an industrious woman, good-hearted, with the homely beauty that is induced by hard work and good health. Of course,

¹ Idylls of the King, Tennyson. Gareth and Lynette, 541-4.
¹¹ Idem. 544-551.

hers was not the type of beauty that would appeal to Sancho. He saw her for what she was: "I know her well, quoth Sancho; and I can assure you she will pitch the bar with the lustiest swain in the parish: Long live the giver; why she is a mettled lass, tall, straight, and vigorous, and can make her part good with any knight-errant that shall have her for a mistress. O the jade! what a pair of lungs and a voice she has!"ⁱ When Sancho brought her Don Quixote's letter, he "found her winnowing two bushels of wheat in a backyard of her house.." ⁱⁱ And as he stood near her, he "perceived somewhat of a mannish smell, which must have proceeded from her being in a dripping sweat with overmuch painstaking." Sancho was indeed a blunt man. The primrose by the river's brim, a primrose was to him and nothing more. The poet must have known Sancho. It took Don Quixote to clothe the ordinary Aldonza Lorenzo with the bright flame of his imagination that transformed her into the peerless Dulcinea. Perhaps a new world opened itself to him when he saw her. Perhaps he felt memories of his youth stir within him, but he lacked the ardor of youth, the impetuosity of the young man who would have rushed ahead translating feeling into action. But Alonso was past forty. He had reached the age

ⁱ Don Quixote, Part I, Chapter XXV

ⁱⁱ Don Quixote, Part I, Chapter XXXI

of discretion when men allow their impulses to evanesce; they fight imaginary battles, carry on imaginary courtships, and delude themselves into believing that the feigned life is as satisfactory as the real life would be.

Alonso Quijano began to read books of chivalry. His niece began to look upon him with disfavor. How easy it was to create a figure opposed to hers, one who would have all the attributes he desired most to find in woman! How easy, having created her, to identify her with the only woman who had ever disturbed the celibate serenity of his life. In a period of twelve years he saw her four times. He never spoke to her, that was not necessary. He knew her too well for words.

Now that he needed a fair lady to whom he might dedicate his deeds, it was an easy matter to elect Aldonza to the position. Her name, however, must be changed to be consonant with her new estate. Fertile, happy imagination that could transform the ordinary Alonso Quijano and Aldonza Lorenzo into the immortal Don Quixote of La Mancha and Dulcinea of Toboso!

The Marquis of Santillana might have predicted a Don Quixote in a song of his. ¹ At any rate he describes

¹ "Si tú desees a mí
yo non lo sé;
Pero yo deseo a ti
en buena fe.
"E non a ninguna más
asy lo ten:
nin es, ni será jamás
otra mi bien.....

"Yo soy tuyo, non lo dubdes,
sin fallir;
e non pienses al, ni cuydes,
sin mentir.
Después que te conocí
me captivé,
e sesso a saber perdí
en buena fe."

-- El Marqués de Santillana

well the attitude of Don Quixote toward Dulcinea, Dulcinea the peerless, the incomparable. He prostrated himself at her feet. For her he roamed over the countryside redressing wrongs and dedicating his deeds to her lasting fame. He asked of her but one thing: that he be allowed to serve her and that she look with favor upon his attempts to please her.

Of course, Dulcinea was fair. Don Quixote says of her: "...Her beauty (is) more than human, since in her all the impossible and chimerical attributes of beauty, which the poets ascribe to their mistresses, are realized; for her hairs are of gold, her forehead the Elysian fields, her eyebrows rainbows, her eyes suns, her cheeks roses, her lips coral, her teeth pearls, her neck alabaster, her bosom marble, her hands ivory, her whiteness snow; and the parts which modesty veils from human sight, such as (to my thinking) the most exalted imagination can only conceive, but not find a comparison for." ¹ Hers surpassed even the beauty of Helen of Troy. No one could say a word of disparagement about Dulcinea. She was his guiding light, his norm. He sought a hiding place in the mountains and did penance after the manner of Orlando, addressing part of a speech to her:

¹ Don Quixote, Part I, Chapter XII

"O Dulcinea del Toboso, light of my darkness, glory of my pain, the north-star of my travels, and over-ruling planet of my fortune (so may heaven prosper you in whatever you pray for) consider, I beseech you, the place and state to which your absence has reduced me, and how well you return what is due to my fidelity!" ¹ So great was the spell that she cast over him that he saw the world in a different light. He cautioned Sancho before going into her presence: "...Be not in confusion when you stand before the blaze of that sun of beauty you are going to seek." ¹¹ In her all women became glorified.¹¹¹ Unamuno points out that inasmuch as Alonso Quijano lacked the courage to marry Aldonza Lorenzo, the union took the form of a spiritual alliance between Don Quixote and Dulcinea.¹¹¹¹ There is nothing grotesque in the dual character of his lady-love. She admits of no imperfections in the mind of Don Quixote.

¹ Don Quixote, Part I, Chapter XXV

¹¹ Don Quixote, Part II, Chapter X

¹¹¹ Unamuno calls attention to the fact that when Don Quixote saw the two bawdy women in the inn, he took them to be genteel: "La limpieza de Dulcinea los cubre limpia a los ojos de Don Quijote." (p.25)

¹¹¹¹ Id.p.80: "Ansia de inmortalidad nos lleva a amar a la mujer y así fué como Don Quijote juntó en Dulcinea a la mujer y a la Gloria y ya que no pudiera perpetuarse por ella en hijos de carne, buscó eternizarse por ella en hazañas de espíritu."

Aldonza Lorenzo must have known that the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure had elected her his fair lady. Perhaps in her youth, she looked upon his ideas with a kind of wonderment, if she permitted herself to think about him at all. Unamuno offers the interesting conjecture of Aldonza Lorenzo's attitude in later years.¹ Perhaps she glowed with an unaccustomed warmth when she reflected that she had been the cause of such glorious madness. To few women comes the opportunity to inspire great deeds. Aldonza Lorenzo had reason to be proud. Dulcinea, the character that never appears, never speaks for herself, who lives only in the imagination of the mad Don Quixote, remains impressed upon the mind of the reader with greater firmness than any other woman character in the book. Why? She represents a possibility, a dream, an ideal. She is something to be attained, just a little out of the reach of ordinary men. Only a Don Quixote can hope to reach high enough, and even he never quite grasps his desire. And Dulcinea lives on, a kind of mirage that leads people on, engendering hope, lofty aspirations, goading men on to reach higher and higher levels. Dulcinea lives in the hearts of all men...she is an undying ideal.

¹ Unamuno, p.87: "Sería de haber oído a Aldonza Lorenzo cuando en sus inviernos añosos, al amor de la lumbre del hogar, en el rolde de sus nietos, o en el serano de las comadres, contara las andanzas y aventuras de aquél pobre Alonzo Quijano el Bueno, que salió lanza en ristre a enderezar entuertos, invocando a una tal Dulcinea del Toboso! Recordaría entonces tus miradas a hurtadillas, heróico caballero? No se diría acaso, a solas y callandito, y en lo más adentro de sus adentros: 'Yo fuí, yo fuí la que le volví loco'?"

Summary

There were sixty-two women in the entire Don Quixote--slightly less than one-tenth the number of characters. Cervantes is not at his worst in depicting women. On the contrary, he seems to have an intimate knowledge of the psychology of the sex. His heroines all come from the upper or middle strata of society: Zoraida, Lucinda, Dorotea, Clarita, Marcela, Camilla; their names even try to reveal their rank. Contrast them with the names of the lesser women in the book: Antonia, Aldonza, Maritornes, Teresa or Juana.

No two of his characters are duplicates. It would have been an easy matter for Cervantes to make Lucinda a feeble edition of Dorotea. She resembles her in one thing only: her determination to be married to the man she loved. Lucinda leaves the reader the picture of a girl torn between two duties, trying hard to be faithful to both, and succeeding in making herself miserable. Dorotea might easily have become a grotesque character, wandering about the woods in search of her faithless lover, losing not a whit of her honor, and taking the part of the Princess Micomicona like a consummate actress. In reality, hers was the only story

that had any direct relation to the Don Quixote. All the others were interpolated, merely giving the knight or the sorrowful figure a chance to discourse at length about the various heroines and of his own Dulcinea.

Zoraida gives a picture of what Cervantes' experiences might have been when he was captured by the Moors. She was a daring girl; some might deem her hard because she was willing to leave her father for the sake of a stranger. This attitude does her injustice. The stranger was not her main objective. The girl had never known the love of a mother; it is not surprising that she went to such great lengths to secure for herself a fellowship with the Virgin Mary, the Mother of all Christianity. She was brave: for the sake of an ideal, she gave up her land, her people, her father, her wealth, risked her life, and went to live among strange people, ignorant of their language and their customs. She is more to be praised than censured.

Clarita and Marcela leave pictures of two widely different adolescents. Clarita, a beautiful lass of sixteen, fell in love with a boy who had never spoken a solitary word to her. Hers was a romantic courtship, culminating in the happy ending of the cinema variety love-affair. Marcela

gives the impression that she is a little heartless. Many men fell in love with her, but she cared for nary a one of them. She had a surprising amount of logic and could discourse reasonably for a long time, far more than one would expect in one so young. She was simply not ready for love when love came to her. Perhaps she didn't care for the brand of poetry the amorous swains wrote about her on the barks of the trees!

The Housekeeper, Antonia Quijano, and Teresa Panza contribute pictures of the rank and file of Spanish middle-class and peasant womanhood. Of the three, Teresa is the most interesting. She is the village busy-body, the indispensable woman who is always ready no matter what the occasion. The Housekeeper remains impressed upon the mind of the reader in one light only: she is remembered as the vindictive old woman who took great joy in hurling Don Quixote's beloved books into the fire. Antonia Quijano excites a certain kind of pity for the lack of color in her life. Hers was a narrow lot and she strove to keep it so!

Camilla, although drawn with a Spanish pen, is Italian by nature. (Cervantes had spent some time in

Italy.) Camilla was a jewel. Her husband was possessed by an overwhelming curiosity to find out what she was worth. He brought her to the laboratory, analyzed her, and lost her. Camilla was a clever woman, but circumstances were too much for her.

The Duchess contributes the least pleasing picture of womanhood in the whole book. Her character was revealed only in an unfortunate light. Throughout the episodes in the second part of the Don Quixote, we find her instigating practical jokes and burlesques that would distress both Don quixote and Sancho.

Maritornes and Dulcinea are the two unique characters Cervantes has given to literature, as far as the women of the Don Quixote are concerned. The former took the part of a maid-of-all-work who hated to see men suffer. She was after all a kind of social uplifter. Dulcinea is the most lovable character in the book. She serves as an inspiration for the Knight, and is a haven to which he may fly whenever the prosaic facts of life press too hardly upon him. Dulcinea lives, not merely because she was Don Quixote's inspiration, but because she has identified herself with every man's inspiration. She is an ideal. Ideals do not die; they just keep growing.

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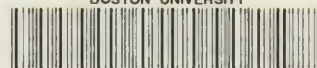
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